RESIDENT EVIL

Story outline
by
George A. Romero
and
Peter Grunwald

MEN and **WOMEN** are gathered in a **BRIEFING ROOM**. We see no faces. Only hands, some writing notes, some holding cigarettes, cigars...expensive watches, jacket sleeves with high-ranking military stripes. These and other background details...high tech communications equipment, consoles arrayed with illuminated buttons, LEDs with ever-shifting graphics...tell us that this is a very high-level gathering...possibly in the Situations Room of the Pentagon... and that those present are quite nervous. All hands are fidgeting.

We only get brief glimpses of all this. The entire sequence will last no more than two minutes, during which time **HEAD CREDITS** will come and go. **EACH SHOT** will contain, either in the background or the foreground, one or more of the half dozen **VIDEO SCREENS** in the room, all of which are playing the same, pre-edited tape...a montage of clipped images which have been recorded over the past two years. Overprinted **TIMES** and **DATES** carry us, with breathless speed, from **2:06:96-1600H:37M** to **3:07:99-0600H:43M.** Clocks and digital calendars in the room read **3:07:99-1300H:58:M**. The final clip was recorded this very morning, seven hours and fifteen minutes ago.

On the videos, we see A MAN, **JOHN MARCUS**, with a bald pate but long, hippie-style, white hair that hangs to his shoulders. He is the central-casting image of an iconoclast who, by accident of birth, is a scientific genius. Interspersed cuts give us flashes of what is clearly **A LABORATORY ENVIRONMENT**, with no windows, no openings at all which might give us a sense of location.

CUT #1: MARCUS, ON CAMERA. *"...signs of success. I'm very hopeful that my work here may lead to a significant breakthrough in cancer research..."*

CUT #2: MONTAGE: **LAB SPECIMENS**...ranging from microscopic life forms up to plants, rats, rabbits, monkeys. *"...I've devoted my life to bio-engineering. Finally, I have private funding, and the freedom to follow my instincts, go where they lead me, for good or for bad, without a political agenda..."*

A VOICE IN THE BRIEFING: *"Private funding? So...this is not a government facility."*

A SECOND VOICE: *"No, sir...not...technically."*

FIRST VOICE: *"Not technically, but we...have an interest, is that it?"*

SECOND VOICE: *"Let's say, we've been forced...to take an interest, sir."*

CUT #3: MARCUS, ON CAMERA. *"More successes. Small ones. Overshadowed by our... failures...which are far more numerous. My faith has been...shaken."*

CUT #4: Suddenly, shockingly...**TECHNICIANS** in white lab coats are scrambling around in the background with urgently raised voices. A MAN SHOUTS... *"Catch them! You have to CATCH THEM!"*

CUT #5: MARCUS, ON CAMERA. *"...three rats, we...we haven't found them anywhere..."*

VOICE IN THE BRIEFING ROOM: *"This was the Event Horizon. Almost silly, isn't it? The escape of three lab rats."*

MARCUS IS ENRAGED: *"We need to upgrade our containment measures! We're dealing with bio-organisms that are extremely virulent! You people might have spent millions on this facility, but you haven't SPENT ENOUGH! If anything...a monkey, a rat, a microbe...if ANYTHING...escapes confinement here...all of mankind could be THREATENED!"*

CUT #6: CHAOS. DESPERATION. White-coated technicians are SHOUTING angrily at one another, running this way and that. We catch a glimpse of **ONE OF THE TECHIES** SMASHING open a **WEAPONS CASE**. We hear **GUNFIRE**, muffled by electronic compression. THE CAMERA IS GRABBED...by a man's hand which whips it around to focus on his face. It's MARCUS...looking worse than weary.

Much more gaunt than he was, he's disheveled, unshaven, sweating, as he pleads... *"H-help us. Y-you can't just leave us here! We...we've sent...desperate messages! Why haven't you responded? Please...please...HELP US!"*

VOICE IN THE BRIEFING ROOM: *"There was...nothing we could do. No way to save them. Any of them. They had already been...exposed."*

ANOTHER VOICE: *"Exposed...to what?"*

"'T'...for 'Tyrant'. An organism based on...an exotic African virus which was...altered. By Marcus. Intentionally...mutated."

CUT #7: FRANTIC ACTIVITY. BLURRED SHAPES. *"I've been a fool! You've taken my work and...corrupted it!"*

CUT #8: MARCUS, ON CAMERA, for only a few seconds, looking even worse than before. His glazing, bloodshot eyes are like red holes in the pale of his face. *"I've been hoping to find new cures! You've been hoping to find NEW WEAPONS! YOU...THIEVES! You've stolen my research! Stolen my life! Along with the lives of..."*

Few details register clearly, but our minds perceive...the grey flesh of a thing that was once human, but is now dead. Insults on that flesh that indicate rot...red stains around the thing's mouth tell us that it's prey, now a lifeless heap, out of focus in the background, was still running BLOOD when it was attacked. We hear the equivalent of A SNARL...DISTORTED by the CAMERA'S MICROPHONE into an alien-sounding RASP...

...as THE CAMERA IS *SWATTED* AGAIN...and all SCREENS GO BLACK.

* * *

Repeat. This has all been rapid-fire. The entire sequence has taken less than two minutes. As **CREDITS END**, we...

...CUT TO:

ALBERT WESKER, a Richard Wydmark type with a buzz-cut and *"Wild One"* shades which perpetually cover his eyes. He wears something less than a uniform...navy-blues, a tee-shirt showing beneath his collar, sleeves curled up revealing half of an officially embroidered insignia. *"Yes, Sir,"* he spits, with a brisk, military salute.

HOLDEN, a dark silhouette, unidentifiable in the foreground, says... *"We, er...we've got a problem, Wesker. In Pennsylvania."*

Wesker's face tightens. *"A...serious problem, sir."*

"Code red. How long will it take to get your S.T.A.R.S. team on site?"

"Seven to ten minutes, sir," says Wesker, with confident swagger. *"Will that be fast enough?"*

"This is no joke, soldier."

"From the moment the telephone rang, I assumed, sir, that this was...no joke."

"Seven to ten minutes? How can you possibly...?"

"I have a team in the near vicinity, under cover, ready to respond at a moment's notice. An 'Early-Strike Force' with standing orders to evaluate criticality, so that when I get there..."

"When you get there? You're not going in yourself?"

"Any man who avoids danger while sending in his troops... Well... Any man who does that... isn't really a man, is he? But, aside from that...this situation is Level-Ten-Covert. Even if you take the time to brief a Field Commander, are you prepared to give that man...or any man... other than me...access to your dirty little secrets? All disrespect intended. Sir."
"Someone has to go in there," says the dark shape in the foreground. *"But it's not going to be you! You're the only military organizer who knows our 'dirty little secrets'. That makes you valuable! TOO valuable...to be sent into...a danger zone."*

"Why, sir...I didn't think you cared."

"I don't," the silhouette snaps. *"I don't give a shit if you live or die, scumbag, as long as... however it turns out...you don't embarrass me...or my country."*

"Your country is my country, sir. I will never embarrass its flag...or anything it represents. To my disappointment...that flag does not represent YOU! Therefore...I do not represent you," Wesker leans in close to the silhouette. *"Given the circumstances, all you have to do is make a simple decision. Do you want me to save your ass...or NOT?"*

The silhouette stutters... *"If...if you can save my ass...please...spare no expense."*

* * *

1700H:46M...4:46, P.M.

Two beautiful human BODIES, one male, one female, are together in bed.

BRRRRRRRR...a wireless unit vibrates more than it rings. The female, **JILL VALENTINE**, awake, deep in thought, snatches up the unit before it can alert her sleeping partner.

We hear a commanding VOICE over the ear-piece, but we can't hear words. Jill's eyes go wide with alarm. Something is clearly wrong.

Having gotten her message, Jill casts a longing eye at the young man who's been sharing her bed. Her hands go to a heart-shaped pendant which hangs, suspended on a gold chain, between her naked breasts. She's torn. She wants to remain, to awaken the young man and afford herself a night of continuing pleasure. But she can't do it. We see in her eyes that... duty calls.

Jill opens a closet door. Normal female clothing is draped on hangers...which Jill shoves aside revealing, in the rear...

...**A FALSE WALL**...and an electronic **KEY PAD**. Jill types-in a series of numbers. The false wall glides open with a hushed buzz. Behind it, we are amazed to see...

...**COMBAT GEAR!** A flack-jacket. An officially-issued beret with a bullet-proof lining. And a monster-collection of **HARDWARE**...knives, guns, ammo, grenades...an arsenal!

VROO-VROOOOOM! The growling engine of an unseen vehicle hacks through the silence of the night. The young man in the bed stirs and, sitting up...
...realizes that the sound which awakened him isn't a sound from his dreams. It's real!
He jumps out of bed and rushes to a window. As he looks through the glass, we see...

...the **FRONT YARD** of a small country house. **OTHER HOUSES,** similar in their modesty, occupy large lots on the other side of a narrow street. We get the correct impression of a **RURAL COMMUNITY** in which people live simple, uncomplicated, peaceful lives.

The peacefulness is invaded by the presence of **A BLACK HUMMER**...with a very **LARGE MAN** at the wheel. (There's a tattoo on one of his muscular arms. The words, *"Fight for it!"* are emblazoned above the silhouette of a naked woman.) There are **TWO OTHER PASSENGERS**, both male...both monstrous.

"What the fuck?" utters the young man at the window, even though there's no one to hear him. His name is **CHRIS REDFIELD**. Movie-star-handsome, his boyishness belies his rough-and-ready nature...as well his age. In his late twenties, he looks like a teenager...but his manner, his considered cautiousness, labels him as very mature.

A dark shape passes just on the other side of the window glass. It takes Chris a blinking moment to realize that...IT'S JILL...**ARMED**...and wearing **COMMANDO GEAR**!
The cute, home-town girl who was, a moment ago, sharing her bed with Chris, suddenly looks like a combat warrior in the Special Forces.

Chris runs toward the front door. Flinging it open, he bursts out onto the front path, calling, *"JILLL!"*...but the ROAR of the Hummer's engine drowns him out. The vehicle disappears over a rise, taking Jill and the three monster guerillas with it.

Chris is stunned. But before he can move back into the house, something happens which stuns him even more.

WHAP-WHAP-WHAP-WHAP...**HELICOPTERS**...dozens of them...black, unmarked... descend on the neighborhood.

* * *

RACCOON CITY is a small, one-horse town. Within moments, it's been sealed off. Mystified **CITIZENS**, running from their homes, are faced with **CHOPPERS**, landing on the streets...and **TROOPERS**, in protective gear, jumping out of the airships and herding whoever they find toward a central **TOWN SQUARE**.

LOUDSPEAKERS BARK from helicopters which remain airborne. *"You are not...repeat... you are not...in danger. But Raccoon City must be evacuated! This is a precautionary measure. There is no immediate threat. But you are expected to cooperate. Those who do not...cooperate...will be treated with extreme prejudice!"*

* * *

In the **ARKLEY FOREST**, a vast tract of undisturbed woodland, JILL and the three COMMANDOS reach a point where dense foliage prevents even their HUMMER from going any further. The *"soldiers"* climb out and continue, on foot, toward...

...a structure that can vaguely be seen in the distance...not a military installation, but an enormous **MANSION**...the hundred-year-old dream-house of an eccentric millionaire.

The night is dark; the woods even darker. As we track Jill and the commandos into the wind-blown shadows, we...and they...notice the absolute, unnatural silence of the place. Other than the rustling of the undergrowth as the soldiers push through it, there are no sounds at all, not even the expected chirps of the forest's night creatures. The unearthly quietness makes it all the more startling when...

...*GRRRROWL!* Something dark, and large, and snarling...ATTACKS!

Jill is spattered with BLOOD as the point-man, just ahead of her, is taken down. Jill opens fire with her semi-automatic. RAT-A-TAT-A-TAT! More BLOOD flies as a black attacker is blown away from the fallen man...with much of the man's throat locked in its fangs.

Silence again. Until the SNAPPING SOUNDS of disturbed foliage begin to close in...from all sides. The commandos hit the dirt...and begin to power-crawl toward the old mansion.

Another *SNARL!* Followed by a burst of GUNFIRE...and an animal-sounding YELP!

Jill calls to the man ahead of her. *"Everything A-okay?"* She gets no response, but the man's boots continue to lurch forward. Jill follows, on her belly, as does the man behind her

After a moment, the boots stop *"crawling"*. Jill overtakes them. Passes them. And sees, to her horror, that they are DISCONNECTED from the their torso...

...which is being pulled into the bushes by something bestial!

Jill and the man behind her, the only survivors, roll onto their backs and SPIT LEAD as they are set upon by three, four, five...we can't keep count...BEASTS with DROOLING FANGS!

More GUNFIRE! Jaws *SNAP!* BLOOD paints the leaves of surrounding shrubs as we...

...CUT TO:

CHRIS REDFIELD...in Raccoon city. SOLDIERS are marching up the street, but Chris slips past them, unnoticed, into **JEB'S BOARDING HOUSE**.

As he runs inside, he is met by **JEB**, a terrified old man with a bottle of whiskey in his hand. *"What the hell's goin' on, Chris?"* asks Jeb, as he takes a slug of the whiskey.

"I don't know. Whatever it is, you'll be alright...you'll be safe...as long as you don't make trouble. So...don't make any trouble!"

Chris SWATS the bottle out of the man's hand. It SHATTERS against a wall. Chris rushes up a set of stairs and into...

...**A SMALL APARTMENT** on the second floor. POSTERS and BANNERS hang on the walls. One reads... *'Shoot him!"*...beneath which is a picture of an infant...beneath which are the words, *"Kill him! Destroy him! He might be...one of THEM!"*

Chris rushes into a bedroom where the largest of any of the icons we've seen covers an entire wall. It's a white flag on which is printed, in black, a wall-to-ceiling, ten-foot PEACE SIGN.

Silhouetted against this symbol, Chris changes out of his casual clothes, into army fatigues, opens a drawer, and pulls out...a polished .45.

When he runs back down the stairs, JEB is stilll there, drinking. *"Where ya goin?"* asks the old drunkard. *"What, in the Lord's name, is goin' on?"*

"I don't know, dad." It turns out that Jeb...is Chris' father! *"Whatever is happening, it's obviously some sort of...military crisis. Trust them, dad. Don't do what I did. Trust the soldiers. They're the good guys. Soldiers...all soldiers...until they become Generals... are good guys."*

Barry steps forward again, whispering words unheard by the others. *"This shit sucks, man. This is me, you're talkin' at. The oldest...the only bud...you got in the world. Keep this shit up, you'll be walkin' around with no buds at all!"*

Wesker whispers back, for Barry's ears only, *"It...it's just like you said. You're my oldest friend. These other dicks? It's my job to...keep them in line."*

"That's all you're doin'...is tryin' to keep them in line?"

"Gimme a break, nigger."

"I don't like that word."

"I don't like it when you call me a Jew-boy. But...you and me...we've got something that... goes deeper than all that garbage, right?"

"Yes, I...I guess we do," says Barry.

"We've got a Bronx thing going, right.?"

"The Bronx was a damn sewer. But I wish I was back there, now. Back...home."

"The only way you're not gettin' back there...is over my dead body. I'll get you back home, buddy. I'm the only one who can get you home. So...trust me, okay?"

Wesker turns to the other commandos. *"Alright, you slugs! I'm the man who's gonna get you out of here. I'm gonna do it in...a little less than two hours. So...synchronize your watches, babies. See that clock?"*

Wesker points at a digital clock which is CLICKING down, second-by-second, within the electronic panel alongside the front door...**01:57:05**...**4**...**3**...**2**...**1**...**0**....

In addition to locking the mansion, he has triggered a **SELF-DESTRUCT MECHANISM**. A **NUKE**...which is going to blow in...**01:56:37**...**36**...**35**...**34**...

"You're not working for the Fed anymore. You're not working for me! You're working for yourselves, people! If you're not out of here when this clock runs down...you FRY! And just remember...I've got the green 'key'...and I know where to put it!"

"Up your ass, is where I'll put it," shouts Aiken.

"That won't get you out of here, soldier," Wesker is complacent. *"All it'll do is...piss me off!"*

01:56:17...**16**...**15**...**14**...

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"Alright..." says Barry, *"What are we supposed to do? You ain't said shit about what we're supposed to do!"*

"I thought I made that clear. You're supposed to do..." Wesker barks, *"...whatever I TELL YOU TO DO!"*

The crazed commander marches off into the mansion. Disgruntled soldiers follow him reluctantly. Most reluctant is Barry, who is is clearly questioning his old friend's saniity.
The big man forces himself to brighten a bit when Rebecca pulls up alongside him. *"Is this whole place...really going to...blow up?"*

"Taking the word of my commanding officer...yes, ma'am...it's gonna blow.".

"Do you think it's...really a nuke?"

"Prob'ly the biggest nuke they got."

"That's good," says Rebecca, resignedly.

"Good?" asks Barry.

"Yeah...," responds the cute little medic, *"...we won't know what hit us."*

"Shit, woman...," Barry laughs, *"...here I been all a fuss with keepin' you calmed down."*

Behind them, Aiken and Sullivan are paired-up. *"If I get fried...do me favor...tell my wife and kids that...I don't give a shit about any of them, okay?"*

"Dickhead," replies Sullivan, *"If you get fried, I get fried."*

"Damn. That's right." says Aiken, *"So...who's gonna express my sentiments?"*

"Swear to God, man...you'd be better off dead."

* * *

A CORRIDOR...dark with shadows. Shambling **FEET** scrape slowly along the floor tiles... slowly...sluggishly. THE CAMERA TRACKS the feet past a cage-like accordion of iron.

THRUM! BA-ZEEEEE...the sound of a hidden motor.

Behind the iron caging, **AN ELEVATOR** rises...but quickly stops when its occupant sees the feet that are shuffling past. The occupant is...

...JILL VALENTINE! She's *alive!*

She waits until the feet have passed. Then she uses a **RED "KEY"** to bring the elevator up

the rest of the way. Sliding the cage open, she steps out into a dark corridor and is...

...ATTACKED...by a man in a white lab coat. Only he's not a man. Not any more. The FLESH on his hands and face is ROTTEN, DECAYED! He's...**A ZOMBIE**! And his teeth are SNAPPING, DROOLING, just like the dogs'. He's trying to BITE Jill. Not simply to do injury. He's HUNGRY...for her flesh.

Jill shoots. Once. Twice. Three times. In the belly, heart, neck. All kill-shots in a normal man. The ghoul staggers...and bleeds...but it stays on its feet...and keeps coming. Jill aims for its head and BLAM!...finally, the thing falls.

* * *

Wesker hears the gunfire. *"Jesus...there's still somebody alive in here!"*

"Is that big news?" challenges SPEYER.

"No radio communications for five hours. We assumed they were all dead."

"Who's 'they'? And how many of 'they' was in this old tomb?"

"There are...there were...fifty-seven."

"Fifty-seven! This is a grand old house, man, but it don't have that many bedrooms!"

"It's bigger than it looks," says Wesker, as he marches the squad off in the direction of the gunshots...leaving Rebecca and another trooper to guard the central hall.

* * *

In the sheet-rock tunnel, CHRIS reaches a pocket-door, very old and crusted with dirt. The frame around it is made of wood, in which the letters of the alphabet have been hand-carved. Chris reaches for the letter *'E'*...moving its middle digit down. It's a SWITCH. We hear a CLUNK from within the wall, and an instant later, the door springs back into its pocket. The mechanism is mechanical, old-fashioned, not at all high-tech.

Chris moves into an anteroom, claustrophobically small, and dark. A pedestal holds the BUST OF A LEOPARD. Chris rotates the statue. There's another CLUNK in the wall. Chris moves directly to another old, wooden door. Expecting it to be unlocked, he turns the crystal-glass knob.

WHOOOP! WHOOOP! WHOOOP! A piercing **ALARM** goes off. The door won't budge. Chris is trapped!

The floor is covered with an ORIENTAL CARPET...which suddenly BULGES upward. One corner flops aside. **A DECOMPOSED HAND** pokes through. There's a drainage opening at the base of one of the walls...and **A ZOMBIE** is climbing up through it.

Chris is weaponless. The anteroom is barely 9-by-9. It looks bad, folks.

The zombie is wearing nerdy eyeglasses. As it pulls itself up, its face pressed against the brass rim of the grate. The flex-frame gets twisted, one of the lenses SHATTERS, and the glasses fall away. The sharp brass contacts the thing's cheek. Flesh PEELS off like onion-skin.

The zombie, like the other one we saw, is wearing a white lab coat. Chris spots a name tag which reads, **DAWSON, CHARLES**.

"Er...Charlie?" Chris offers. *"That...that's your name, right? Charlie?"*

In response, the dead thing emits only a gurgling MOAN!

"Right," says Chris. *"That's exactly how I feel."*

The zombie's torso comes fully out of the opening...and the thing FLOPS forward, onto its face. It would almost be funny...if it wasn't terrifying. The dead thing uses its elbows to drag itself toward Chris. Its scrabbling legs begin to rise out of the grate. Its eyes look up, making contact with Chris'. Its jaws chew the air, as though tasting rare meat.

"Charlie..." Chris is desperate. *"Y-you're not yourself, okay? I can see....shit, anyone could see that...you're not yourself!"*

"Mmmrrroarrgh", Charlie responds, as he comes clear of the grate.

Chris grabs the bust of the leopard. It comes off its pedestal trailing old-fashioned armatures. It's very heavy. Chris POUNDS it against the door. Wood splinters, revealing STEEL. The door holds fast in its jamb.

The zombie is crawling across the floor. Its hands are pulling mostly on the rug, so its progress is slow...but it is, nonetheless, progress. The dead thing is getting dangerously close to Chris' legs.

Chris POUNDS the door again. And again. No gain.

But the zombie is gaining. It's inches away.

Chris lifts the bust over his head...and HURLS it down, hard, onto the creature.

The heavy plaster takes off a patch of hair, and a quarter-pound of scalp. It leaves a blood- filled cavity in the thing's skull. But its exposed brain remains functional. The thing crawls on. Its hand latches onto Chris' ankle. Its mouth opens wide. It's about to BITE when...

...KER-TCHUNG! The door is pulled open, from the outside.

Chris DARTS out of the anteroom, nearly bowling down the MAN who cleared his way...

the trooper who was left with Rebecca to guard the central hallway.

RAT-A-TATTA-TATTA-TAT-TATT! The trooper RIDDLES the Charlie-thing. Fifteen bullets enter its crawling body, several passing, accidentally, through its head...through its brain. Neither Chris nor the trooper realize...yet...that the brain is a zombie's motor-drive. To quote *"Night of the Living Dead"... "Kill the brain, and you kill the ghoul."*

Before Chris can take a breath, he finds the commando's semi-auto aimed squarely at his chest. *"Where'd you come from?"* the trooper barks. *"Who are you? One of the eggheads who caused this mess?"*

Chris puts up his hands. *"I'm no egghead, pal. I'm just a good-for-nothing G.I., like you."*

"Gimme a name, asshole!"

"Redfield. Christopher. Air Force. Firefly Wing. Formerly..." Chris salutes, *"...Sir."*

"Fireflies...were in Desert Storm."
"Yes, sir. I was there with them, sir."

"I recognize your name. Redfield. It was in all the papers." Realization brightens the trooper's face, *"You're the guy who..."*

"I'm the guy who got his ass handed to him. Sir."

"Cut that shit out," says the trooper, *"That...'sir', shit. I should be callin' you 'sir'. You were in the clear. You were safe. But you went back into the fire-zone."*

"Contrary to command."

"You went back in...to rescue your men."

"I was Court Martialed! I took action...contrary to command!"

"Yeah, well...I'm on command, too, soldier. I'm supposed to paint the walls with your guts. Lucky, ain't it? That I happen to be...just as contrary as you." The trooper lowers his gun. *"How the hell did you get in here?"*

"I've been...gettin' in here...," says Chris, *"...since I was a kid."*

The mansion was built by CLIFFORD ARKLAY, a millionaire who made his fortune as a bootlegger. The old man built-in hidden escape routes, to evade the Feds.. In his grammar-school days, Chris used to hang with Arklay's young son. The boys played *Cops-and-Robbers* in the mansion's secret passages.

Chris recognizes the commando's gear...the same *"uniform"* his girl was wearing when he last saw her. He asks the man if he knew a trooper named Jill...Jill Valentine.

"Valentine...," The commando's face drops. *"Did, er...did you...know her?"*

"Closely," says Chris. *"At least...so I thought."*

"Lady-friend?"

"So I thought."

"I hate to tell ya...," says the soldier, *"...but...Trooper Valentine..."*

"I know. She...she's dead," says Chris. *"What I want to know is...why? We're not in a war. Who are you guys? What the hell is..."* Chris grabs the trooper's sleeve, reads the emblem that's embroidered in the cloth... *"S.T.A.R.S?"*

"Special Forces..." says the trooper, *"...assigned to..."*
GRRROWRRR! **A ZOMBIE** LURCHES UP over the trooper's shoulder. The man neither sees, nor hears the thing approaching. He only feels the PAIN...after it's too late...after the monster has BITTEN OUT the muscle between his shoulder and his neck.

The trooper slumps. Before his body hits the floor, Chris snatches the rifle from his hands, and FIRES...RAT-A-TAT-A-TATTA-TATTA-TATT!

By accident again, the random spray of lead takes out the zombie's brain. It drops. So does the trooper, who's torn carotid is sending out a fountain of red.

Chris looks down at the man. He doesn't need to check for a pulse. When the trooper's heart stops pumping, the gash in his neck stops spurting blood.

Chris keeps the gun and, after a moment's consideration, decides to take the soldier's ammo, flack-jacket, and other protective gear. When he moves off, down the hall, Chris looks exactly like a S.T.A.R.S. Trooper.

* * *

Wesker and his squad have reached the old mansion's pantry area. They move cautiously into the cobwebbed darkness. Each click of their boot heels on the hardwood floor makes us jump. Our nerves are on edge...and so are those of the troopers.

Wesker has a flashlight mounted on his M-16. The stuttering beam finds something...lying on the floor up ahead. It's the DEAD ZOMBIE which was shot by Jill.

The squad draws closer. Wesker uses his foot to roll the dead thing over onto its back. He shines his light down onto a name tag...**BURTRAM, THOMAS**.

"Jesus...," Barry's voice startles us all. *"...sumbitch took a whole lotta lead."*

"Yeah...," says Wesker, *"...but that's not what killed him. Blood's still running. The wounds are fresh. But look at his hands. What's left of his face. His skin...is rotten. This man has been dead...for at least twenty-four hours."*

"So he was dead...before he was shot? Who the hell shoots a dead man?"

"The question is...why shoot a dead man?"

Wesker shines his light around. The beam finds the cargo elevator set in the wall, its accordion-door open wide. Wesker approaches the dark cavity with extreme caution, afraid that someone...or some-thing...might be lurking inside.

While his focus is forward...he gets HIT from behind...by a blurred SHAPE that suddenly darts out of the shadows.

It's JILL! She locks her strong left arm around Wesker's throat, pressing the blade of a chop-knife into his face. Her right hand jams the barrel of a .45 against his temple. Though furious, her voice is soft, controlled, as she speaks directly into Wesker's ear from behind. *"I get a phone call in the middle of the night. Some...dick...I hope it wasn't you...tells me to haul ass out to Arklay. 'Why,' I ask, not unreasonably. The dick on the phone says, 'I'm not permitted to answer...unless you have a need-to-know clearance.' Well here's my 'clearance', balls-for-brains! Cold steel. Which will quickly become hot steel...if you don't tell me... what I NEED TO KNOW!"*

Amazingly un-rattled, Wesker actually cracks a smile. *"You've gotta be Valentine, right? I heard that you had a...nasty temper."*

"You don't know how nasty."

"Let go of me."

"Not a chance. Not until you tell me wha..."

"LET GO OF ME! THAT'S AN ORDER!"

Jill relaxes her grip. The blade and the pistol drop slowly away. Wesker spins around to face the woman. *"Nice to meet you, Valentine."*

"Wish I could say the same," Jill responds, casting her eyes over the other S.T.A.R.S. members who are backing Wesker up. *"Maybe the rest of you guys know what this shit is all about, but I don't! And I WANT TO! I want to know...why the fuck...I am putting my life...on the LINE!"*

"Because some... 'dick'...told you to. By the way, it was me on the telephone. I repeat...nice to meet you, Valentine. Now...politeness dispensed...fall IN, SOLDIER!"

"Not so fast, friend," Barry's deep voice cuts in. *"Just like the lady...I wanna know why I'm puttin' my life on the line."*

The soldiers behind Barry echo his sentiments with their bodies, which press in on their commander with weapons raised. Wesker quickly evaluates the situation and decides to parcel out some information.

"Alright..." he takes a breath, *"...beneath this old house...there's a...facility."*

"What kind of facility?"

"A...bio-engineering facility. Top-secret. Scientists here have been...experimenting...with newly developed...artificial virus."
"A virus! Shit...we could all be...infected with something!"

"You don't have to worry. It's not airborne. It was transmitted...through the water supply. And by...bites...which were suffered by the staff."

"Bites?"

"Yes! So, if you get bitten by something, report it. Otherwise...shut up and stay on mission!"

"What mission? What are we doing here?"

"We're here...," says Wesker, *"...to bring out the antidote."*

It sounds reasonable. It even sounds heroic. But...is it the truth?

"YO!" a distant voice hollers. *"S.T.A.R.S.! COME-A-RUNNIN'!"* The voice, with a Kentucky twang, is Rebecca's...calling from another corridor.

* * *

When WESKER and his TROOPS arrive, they find REBECCA bent over two corpses...those of the MAN...and the ZOMBIE...that were encountered by Chris.

It's apparent, from what the fallen zombie is wearing...a white lab coat...that he was once a scientist. It's equally apparent, from what the other dead man is *not* wearing, that he was stripped of his equipment. *"It's Ridley, sir,"* says Rebecca. *"One of our own men."*

"Somebody took his gear," says Barry.

"Somebody whacked him!" says Rebecca. *"No vital signs. He's...dead as a doornail."*

Wesker stares at the gaping wound in Ridley's neck. *"What kind of...animals...are doing this shit?"*

"Let me put it to you this way, sir..." says Rebecca, *"...whatever they are...I don't think they're vegetarians."* She points from the wound in Ridley's throat, to...YUCK...a ragged bit of matching flesh that's locked in the dead zombie's teeth.

"Shit," says AIKEN, panicking. *"They're cannibals! We're up against a bunch of fuckin' CANNIBALS! We're gonna be eaten! We...we're all...gonna be EATEN!"*

Wesker turns on the man with fire in his eyes. SULLIVAN intercedes. *"He's just...skunked- out, sir. He ain't gonna do nothin' wrong, he's just..."*

"Skunked out," Wesker repeats.

"That's right, that's all he is," says Sullivan, pleadingly. *"I...I'll look out for him, sir. See that he don't do no...no bad shit."*

Wesker thinks it over. Finding Barry's eyes studying him, he decides to let the incident slide. *"Good enough, Sullivan. But the next time your friend opens his mouth...you're the one who takes a bullet."*

Sullivan turns to his buddy, *"You hear that? You're the ass-wipe! I'm the ojne who's gonna take a bullet for ya! Swear to God, swear to GOD, Aiken, you'd be better off..."*

"...dead," says Aiken, his eyes locked straight ahead.

"That's right," says Sullivan, *"You'd be better off..."*

"...DEAD." Aiken repeats, this time lifting his arm and pointing.

Sullivan's eyes follow the direction of Aiken's finger. He sees...

...the other troopers, clustered, staring at him.

Behind them, he sees Rebecca, standing up.

Behind *her*...also standing up...is RIDLEY, the soldier who was stripped of his gear.

"DEAD!" repeats Aiken, for the third time.

Wesker whirls around. Instantly raises his pistol. Rebecca thinks that he's aiming it at her, But when he FIRES...twice...the bullets pass over her shoulder...and PUNCH into Ridley's chest behind her.

Ridley...stays on his feet.

"You have to get them in the head," says Jill, stepping forward. She, too, FIRES over Rebecca's shoulder...her single bullet CRACKING open Ridley's skull. He drops.

Rebecca is stunned. *"Y-you shot him! You shot one of your OWN MEN!"*

"Chambers...you're a drip," says Wesker, *"and an almighty pain in the ass...but you're a pretty good doctor. So if you tell us that a man is dead...some of us get nervous when he STANDS UP!"*

"Jesus Christ..." Jill barks, angrily, *"...we get our bones picked by a yard full of dead dogs... and now we've got dead MEN chewing on us! What kind of bug is IN THIS PLACE!?"*

"I don't know," Wesker replies, *"I honestly, truly...don't have a clue. But everything I've seen here...tells me that we've got a bad situation, here."*

"No shit, Sherlock!" says Barry.

"There's danger, okay?" Wesker gets in Barry's face. *"Extreme danger! Not only to you, but to ME! Possibly, to the whole fucking PLANET! That's why it's imperative...IMPERATIVE... for us to find the antidote to this bug...and get it into responsible hands!"*

* * *

CHRIS REDFIELD, looking like a S.T.A.R.S member, searches the mansion. In a dark corridor, with floral wallpaper, the VINES in the print slowly begin to MOVE. They're *real* vines, disguised by the printed pattern. And, while mindless, they seem to be driven by a purpose. They want food...and, wiggling like serpents, they're going after Chris!

Some of the tentacles are *behind* the wallpaper, pushing up along the wall. Now...

...**RRRIPPPP**! They burst through, reaching out for blood...

...and Chris sees them.

He scrambles ahead, but the vines aren't only behind him. They're ahead of him, as well. What can he do? Where can he possibly go?

He reaches a small door, barely man-sized, and nearly invisible because it's covered by matching wallpaper. A bare instant before the tentacles reach him, he dives into...

...**A LAUNDRY CHUTE** which he knew, from his childhood, was there.

He slides, down, down, down, as he did as a boy, expecting to land in the basement of the old house. He doesn't. Instead, he lands, prematurely...

...on a newly installed **DROP-CEILING**...a vast expanse that runs the entire length and breadth of the mansion above. He finds himself in a tight, dark, frightening crawl-space, which is clustered with machinery...ducts, fans, air-filtration units which put out an ominous HUMMMMMM. *"Where the hell are the washing machines?"*

Shafts of LIGHT knife their way up through iron-gridded vents. Chris crawls over to one of them, and looks down into...

...**A LABORATORY**!...contrasted against the old mansion by its clean, sterile lines and high-tech equipment. *"I say again..."* Chris repeats aloud, *"...where the hell are the WASHING MACHINES?"*

His voice is overheard...by a white-coated scientist who is sitting, slumped, at a desk below. When the man turns, slowly, on his pivoting chair, Chris sees that...he's **A ZOMBIE**!

When the dead man rises, so does a cacophony of **ANIMAL CHATTER**!

Eyes darting, Chris sees that one of the laboratory's walls is lined with **CAGES**. Crazed **LAB ANIMALS,** rats, rabbits, monkeys, many of them balding. Their flesh showing signs of decay, are tugging at the bars of their cages, moaning, howling, screeching.

The white-coated zombie stumbles over to a spot directly below the grate...and reaches up, with hungry hands. The thing can't quite reach the ceiling but, as seen from Chris' eyes, the sight of the dead, drooling, once human monster...mere inches away...is terrifying.

CRANNNG! A door flies open on the lab's farthest wall. The S.T.A.R.S TEAM rushes in, with Wesker on point. The zombie turns toward the invaders. Wesker recognizes him. *"Doctor Marcus?"*

It's Marcus, alright. But he's not a doctor any more. He's a rapidly deteriorating mass of walking rot...long dead.

RAT-A-TATTA-TATT! Wesker blows the thing away. As he and his troopers enter the lab...

...Chris, from his vantage-point up above, spots **ANOTHER ZOMBIE**, crawling across the floor, about to climb over Marcus' desk. *"LOOK OUT!"* Chris shouts as...

...RAT-A-TATTA-TATTA-TATTA...he OPENS FIRE, BLASTING out the iron grate, and destroying the creature below.

BRAD VISKERS, being a coward, walking a knife's edge of nervousness, lifts his semi and...

...RAT-A-TATTA-TATTA-TATTA-TATTA-TATTA-TATTA-TATTA-TATTA-TA.... Emptied his clip into the ceiling.

TCHUNK-A-TCHUNK-A-TCHUNNNNNGGG...rounds of lead SPIT up through the false ceiling, sparking, sending off shrapnel. Chris crawls away with the speed of a cockroach.

KA-PWING! KA-PWEEEEEEE! Bullets ricochet off the walls. One of them rebounds off the ductwork overhead and KRAKS back down to a spot inches from Chris' knees.

Looking down, Chris sees that he's crawling over a slab of plexiglass which, weakened by the bullet, is sagging.

KERR-UCKKK! The plexiglass snaps apart and Chris falls...

...SPLAAAASSSSHHHH...into *WATER!*

It's a gigantic aquarium...

...which contains **SHARKS**! Six of them! With rotting flesh! They, too, are lab specemins. They're dead. But still swimming. And they're hungry as hell.

As Chris drops into their environment, one of them, a Great White, takes a SNAP at him... but catches only a clump of his swirling hair. Oddly, Chris is smiling. He's seen a mirac- ulous sight through the aquarium glass. He's seen...

...JILL...who is one of the last to enter the lab. She, in turn, stares, open-mouthed, at the young man who is desperately treading water in the giant tank. *"C-Chris?"* she says, *"What are you doing here?"*

The Great White makes another pass, its jaws open wide.

RAT-A-TATTA-TATT! Jill fires at the aquarium glass. It cracks, but holds.

Barry steps up and opens fire, as well. RAT-A-TATTA-TATTA-TATTA-TATTA-TATT!

The tank BURSTS open, and Chris is flushed out into the lab. WATER floods the room, nearly knocking Wesker and the others off their feet. They find themselves sloshing around in a dark pool...

...with SHARK FINS slicing across the surface.

The troopers open fire, all at once. Several of the sharks are HIT, but they keep coming. *"Shit,"* says Sullivan, *"Where's a shark's brain?"*

The water gets even darker as it's clouded with blood. The commandos clamber up onto desks and counter tops as...

...WHOOP! WHOOP! WHOOP! An alarm blares. The escape of the water has activated a CODE BLUE containment.

Slowly, the water runs out through grates in the floor. *"I thought we were in the basement,"* says Rebecca. *"But there must be another level...below."*

"There are two other levels," says Wesker. *"And we're goin' all the way to the bottom."*

The sharks continue to swim in the bloody swirl. Barrages of bullets destroy three of them before the water runs out completely, leaving three remaining, flapping on the floor. Easy targets, they are quickly shot dead.

Chris and Jill wind up standing together, on top of a computer console. Chris' delight at finding his girlfriend alive, quickly turns to anger. *"Of all the...lying, mendacious...bull shit that women have ever pulled on their men...this is the lowest! I wake up to find out that... my sweetie-pie...is a fucking COMMANDO!"*

"Hey, it's not so bad," Jill snaps back. *"At least you woke up! If it wasn't for us 'commandos' you might not have!"*

* * *

3:07:99-0700H:19M. 7:19 A.M.

Under dawn's early light, RACCOON CITY is being evacuated, its citizens hurriedly loaded onto troop carriers and driven off.

JEB REDFIELD, Chris' father, is slugging from his bottle of whiskey. *"This is some shit, ain't it? I mean...if this ain't some shit, I dunno what IS!"*

He's riding in a car. **A POLICE CAR**, with crusty, old **ETHAN COBB**, the local Sheriff, at the wheel. *"You got that right, Jeb. This is surely some kind of shit. We're lucky to have got our asses rid of it."*

The Police Car ROARS down a country road.

It is approached, in the opposite direction, by **A LIMOUSINE** with American Flags flapping on its front fenders.

Both cars slow down as they draw closer to one another, stopping when they come abreast. One of the limo's tinted windows glides down with the slight HUM of a servo. A MAN leans into the opening. For a moment, we expect him to say, *"Pardon me, have you any Grey Poupon?"* Instead, he says, *"Who the fuck are you?"*

"I'm the Sheriff!" Cobb responds.

"The Sheriff?" the stranger asks, *"of Raccoon City?"*

"Yes, sir. We've got a...funny situation back in town. Well, not funny, as you might think of the word. Hell, it's...enough to scare your pants off!"

As the Sheriff speaks, another of the limo's windows HUMS down...and a gun barrel appears.

BLAM! A bullet passes cleanly through the Sheriff's head and SHATTERS the bottle in Jeb's hand. *"God dammit, that's the third jug o'whiskey I lost this mornin'!"*

The gun barrel lights up again. BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

Bullets POUND the leather seats, ricochet off the Police Car's frame. Jeb manages to open the passenger door. He rolls out onto the berm, and takes off, running.

"Let him go," says the man in the limo. *"He's just an old drunkard. Even if he tells about what he's seen, no one will believe him."*

The gun barrel recedes into the car. The tinted windows glide shut. The limo rolls on, as we CUT INSIDE.

We never got a clear look at him before. Now we do. The limo's passenger, lounging in leather, pouring himself a Scotch...is HOLDEN...the man who Wesker visited to delivered his preliminary report.

Sitting across from him, in a fold-out bucket-seat, is a dark-suited guerilla with an AK-47, the man who shot Sheriff Cobb, **FROST**. *"Man got away,"* says the grim-faced bastard. *"Not supposed to let...any man...get away."*

"Mr. Frost," says Holden, *"I've got a Presidential Clearance. If I choose to let a man get away...he gets away."* Holden dials a number on a cell-phone.

* * *

INSIDE THE LAB, WESKER feels a vibration. He lifts a radio from his belt and answers the incoming call. *"Wesker."*

A VOICE comes back, *"Everything under control?"* It's Holden, from the limo.

"Yes, sir," Wesker responds, *"Everything is...just about as good as can be expected."*

Just then, a rear door is flung open and a half-dozen **ZOMBIES** burst into the lab,

"Knock 'em down!" shouts Wesker. *"KNOCK THE FUCKERS <u>DOWN</u>!"*

Jill is the first to open fire.

"Christ," says Chris, *"You never do anything that <u>I</u> ask you to do!"*

Jill shoots him a look. *"This is my <u>job</u>,"* she barks. *"I do whatever I'm <u>told</u> to do...by my superiors!"*

"Superiors," Chris spits sarcastically...as his semi spits lead.

* * *

IN THE LIMO, HOLDEN hears the GUNFIRE over the phone. *"Wesker,"* he shouts, *"WESKER!"* No answer. Wesker has his hands full at the moment.

"You believe this shit?" Holden says to the grim-faced guerilla. *"I think the sonuvabitch hung up on me!"*

* * *

IN THE LAB, the ZOMBIES are brought down. No human casualties...but a few close calls...and a whole lot of disgruntlement.

"Piss on my face, man!" says Aiken. *"This is not why my momma sent me to school! To shoot down folks that's already DEAD!"*

"Buddy...," says Sullivan.

"I know, I know, I'd be better off dead. Well, I would be! 'Cuzz this ain't no way to live!"

"What kind of nightmare is this?" Chris jams his gun barrel into Wesker's throat.

"No!" shouts Rebecca, *"Don't kill him! He's the only one who can get us out of here!"*

"That's the sorry truth," says Barry. *"He set a big-ass bomb to tickin', and there ain't none of the rest of us can shut it off!"*

"I can't shut it off!" Wesker snaps. *"Nobody can! It's gonna blow, baby! Sure as the sun's gonna rise!"*

"When?" asks Chris.

"One hour and..." Barry checks his watch. *"...six minutes."*

WHOOP! WHOOP! WHOOP! The alarm continues to sound.

"We've got us a Code Blue, here," says Wesker, *"One of you toilet floaters has a blue key."*

"Er...that toilet floater...would be me, Sir," says Sullivan.

"Get us out of here, Sullivan," Wesker commands. Sullivan doesn't quite know what to do. *"Use your key, Sullivan, and get us out of here!"*

"Wait a minute," says Barry as he steps up to Wesker. *"You got yourself a green key that's supposed to work anywhere!"*

"That's right," Wesker says levelly, *"but it'll only work three times before the code gets erased. I'm bankin' my money, friend. Saving up...for a rainy day."*

"I ain't arguin'," says Sullivan, as he steps forward and uses his blue key to unlock the laboratory's door. The WHOOPING alarm goes silent.

As the troopers file out, Brad, trailing behind, is grabbed, on the leg, by one of the *"dead"* zombies. The monster's teeth bite the flesh above Brad's ankle before the soldier aims his pistol and...BLAM!...blows out the zombie's brains.

"Are you alright?" asks Rebecca.

"Yes," Brad snaps, *"I'm fine. Fine."* He pushes down his raised trouser-leg, concealing his wound, as he follows along behind the others.

* * *

Another dark, soul-shriveling **CORRIDOR**.

WESKER leads the troopers through the shadows.

Jill is visibly trembling. Chris takes her arm. *"Don't lose it, darlin'. I need you."*

Their eyes meet with affection. *"You don't need me,"* says Jill, *"as much as I need you."*

"Then...why'd you run out on me?"

"I was under orders."

"Orders...," says Chris, with sarcasm, *"Here's the only order that matters. Stay with me, Jill. Promise that, no matter what...you'll stay with me...forever."*

"No problem. Since...forever...is just a little over an hour."

"Hey...forever is forever...even if it ends too soon."

Two things happen almost at once. First...

...**A ZOMBIE** lurches around a corner and BITES out the back of A TROOPER'S neck.

Second, while the man is still screaming...

...**PSSSHHHHHHH**...a jet of hot **STEAM** spouts out of a wall.

PSSSHHHHH...**PSSSHHHHH**...**PSSSHHHHH**...more jets spout, suddenly, randomly, without pattern, behind...and in front of the troopers...trapping them. It's a booby-trap, part of the Code Blue containment...

...and not only are the jets hot, but they're deadly. The steam is acidic. When ONE OF THE MEN is hit by an eruption...his clothing burns, and his FLESH MELTS...within seconds... falling away from his bones, on which...BLOOD BOILS.

It's horrifying...but, for the moment...the jets stop.

"FREEZE!" shouts Chris.

Nearly everyone does. But ANOTHER MAN moves in front of a hidden electric-eye.

PSSSHHHHH...the man pays the price. The jets begin shooting again...and he is disintegrated.

"I SAID FREEZE, GOD DAMMIT! There are motion sensors. If you move...you die."

This time, everyone listens. Everyone except the man whose brain is too decayed to make sense of Chris' warning. The zombie who bit out the first trooper's neck lurches into the corridor. Shit. The thing is going to set off the mechanism.

Chris' eyes dart. He spots a series of hinged panels in the floor. *"We want to get downstairs, right?"*

"Yes," Wesker shoots back.

"Maybe we can get there...through those."

Wesker follows Chris' eyes. Sees the floor panels.

The zombie grabs Chris. The young man spins around. Holds the zombie by its arms. But its drooling jaws open wide. It leans forward to take a bite of flesh.

Jill jams the stock of her rifle into the thing's mouth.

"Alright," says Chris. *"We're goin' down. Move slowly. Very...slowly."*

In extremely slow-motion, Wesker reaches down...and opens one of the floor panels. Rebecca opens another one, closer to Chris and Jill.

"Down," commands Wesker, *"Everybody. Down!"*

Moving with extreme caution, the troopers climb down through the traps.

The zombie to get free, but Chris and Jill hold the monster fast.

Barry and Rebecca are the last two into the hatches. Barry looks back. *"Come on, guys. Run for it."*

"Right," says Chris, looking at his lover. *"We have to go for it, babe."*

"So...," says Jill, *"...let's go."*

"On three. One...two...THREE!"

Jill pulls her rifle out of the zombie's mouth and dives for the near hatch. Chris, in the same moment, pitches the zombie down the corridor.

PSSSHHHHH...the zombie draws JETS OF STEAM.

So does Chris, but he dives under them.

The zombie MELTS.

Chris tumbles through the hatch, where he and Jill embrace...

...but only for a moment...before they both realize...

...that they're still in...a very deep...pile of shit.

* * *

First of all, the troopers are jammed, single-file, in a tight maze of ductwork.

Second of all, there are familiar-looking VINES all around them. The same sort pf creepers that attacked Chris in the ivy-papered room. But here...they're pervasive. They form an impassable curtain which is closing in, second by second, on the troopers.

"Oy," says Aiken.

"No lie," says Sullivan.

KERR-UNNNNK! The vines TIGHTEN, like boa constrictors, around the ductwork. Metal CRACKS! Walls CRUMBLE! And...with the sound of a hundred earthquakes...the entire superstructure BECOMES RUBBLE!

Wesker, and half of the troopers...some dropping, some climbing down along broken steel beams...find themselves in yet another **CORRIDOR**, below.

Chris, Rebecca, Aiken and Sullivan land in mist-shrouded, plant-filled **GREENHOUSE.**

Chris' first thought is for Jill. Where is she?

Shit. She must be with Wesker's group.

WHAPPP-WHAPP-WHAP...more **VINES**, thicker, sturdier, ATTACK! The greenhouse

is home to, among other things...**PLANT 42**...a monstrous sheflera which has been genetically altered by the T-Virus. It's HUGE! Twenty-times its normal size!

And it thrives on BLOOD!

It's vines act as independent agents, each of them posing a threat. PODS, on their tips, are the size of chicken hawks...and they have snapping BEAKS which are just as sharp.

"Holy fuck!" exclaims Aiken.

"After all we been through," says Sullivan, *"I'm surprised you're surprised."*

TZZZZZZT...sparking cables dangle from the torn ceiling. Chris jumps up and grabs a strand of conduit. He swings it toward Plant 42, but he's a few seconds too late.

One of the pods swoops down onto Sullivan's back. It emits a needle-like stamen which, within the blink of an eye, SUCKS out every ounce of the man's blood.

Color drains out of Sullivan's exposed flesh as quickly as coffee pouring from a pot. He turns a pale shade of bluish-white as he goes...literally...dry. Even before he drops to the floor, his epidermis has begun to flake away, like powder.

"Sullivan?" Aiken is devastated, *"JESUS, SULLIVAN!"* He rushes to his fallen buddy's side.

"Stand back!" shouts Chris. *"For Chrissake, STAND ASIDE!"*

Chris ends up having to SHOULDER Aiken out the way. Tentacles from the plant very nearly get both of them, but Chris manages to JAM the semi-rigid conduit into a pool of sprinkler-fed water around the plant's roots. Live wires inside the metal shielding send lethal surges of BRIGHTLY SPARKING JUICE up through the plant's meat, out along its tentacles, and into its blood-sucking pods.

Plant 42 reacts, oddly, like a human being electrocuted. It's *"arms"* whip about in a spasmic frenzy. The pods open their *"beaks"* and emit frightening SHRIEKS. The monstrous display is so terrible that we wonder...maybe the thing hasn't been hurt...maybe it's just pissed off?

But, no. With a final flurry of twitches, Plant 42 droops, lifelessly, the pods at the ends of its tentacles FLOP to the floor with the same sort of liquid-sounding SMACKS that human skulls might make.

Breathing heavily, Chris backs away from the thing. Rebecca's voice, from behind, makes him jump as if he were electrically shocked himself.

"That...that thing...was no accident. It was...cultivated!"

Chris looks around. Being...preoccupied...he hasn't, until now, taken full note of the environment. He's standing, incongruously...in the middle of A JUNGLE! FOG swirls thickly

around all sorts of exotic, unrecognizable foliage. The greenhouse...is just another experimental laboratory...where vegetation has been cross-bred...altered...engineered.

"S-Sullivan. Sullivan's...gone." Chris refocuses on Aiken, who is kneeling beside the withered corpse of his old friend. *"They...they killed him! The bastards, whoever they are, that did this shit...KILLED SULLIVAN!"*

Enraged, Aiken springs to his feet. Pulling a machete from a sheath on his belt, he wildly attacks the remains of Plant 42. *"You scumbags! You shit-hills! You FUCKS!"*

CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! Aiken WHACKS dead limbs off the plant! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! CHOP! He doesn't stop until...

...**CHOP**! He hacks something that looks like a vine...but BLEEDS!

Aiken is instantly sobered. He looks up. So do Chris and Rebecca. They see...high above them in the mist...

...the long, long extension of the thing that Aiken chopped...pulsing, slithering, with famil- iarly scaled skin that carries the markings, though greatly enlarged, of...**A COPPERHEAD**!

Aiken exclaims, *"Jesus H. on a chopped-up chariot!"* Because he's looking up at the slimy coil in the trees ahead of him...he's utterly blindsided...and so are we...by what hits him from behind. Believe me, friends and neighbors, after this one...your popcorn is going to be on the floor.

WHHINNNK! JAWS...with the strength of dozer-shovels...with teeth the size of hubcaps... with acidic drool that runs as slowly as the drool in *Alien*...CLAMP, sideways, onto Aiken's mid-section, instantly crushing his ribs.

He *SCREEEEAMS* like a man caught be one of Satan's demons...which is exactly what he is.

Rebecca SCREAMS as well, as though she was the one who's torso was collapsed.

It's Chris who first realizes that...

...while they were all looking at the pulsing snake-skin in the trees to the north...

...the snake's head...struck from the south. It's that big, that long. Its skull is the size of a *Cadillac!*

Rebecca, poor girl, is basically paralyzed. Thank God, Chris is not. He scrambles around and finds...a length of ROPE! He quickly fashions a lasso.

He has time, because the giant snake is momentarily satisfied. It's tossing its head, trying to adust the position of the man in its mouth. Line him up...so he can swallow him.

Rather than flinging the lasso's loop, Chris tosses the opposite end of the rope over a bent beam dangling from what remains of the ceiling.

Only then, does he toss the noose. The circle of rope passes over Aiken's kicking legs...onto the neck of the giant Copperhead. Chris pulls the rope with all his strength.

Just before the noose tightens around the serpent's neck...the thing pitches its head...and Aiken disappears down its mammoth throat.

With the overhead beam acting as a sharp-edged pulley...fraying the edges of the rope...Chris gives a final, mighty YANK.

WHONNNG! The snake's head is SLAMMED against the rafters. Chris rushes over to Rebecca and hands her the end of the rope. *"Hold this,"* he says, *"Hold it as tight as you can!"*

Rebecca is trembling. She absent-mindedly takes hold of the rope, but she has no strength. The snake's head drops away from the ceiling. Chris pulls the rope tight again.

"God dammit, woman, WAKE UP!" Rebecca looks at him, dully. He takes his left hand off the rope for a moment to SLAP her face. *"My life...your life...all of our lives...are over.... unless we KEEP OUR HEADS!"*

Jill takes the rope, somewhat weakly. The moment Chris lets go, the snake above TUGS, nearly pulling Jill off her feet. Finding the fight inside herself, she hangs on. She pulls the rope hard. WHONNNNG! The snake's head hits the ceiling again.

"Good girl," says Chris, as he darts away, pulling a serrated kill-knife from his belt. Without losing a second, he drives the blade into the snake's twitching torso. He sees MOVEMENT inside. Aiken is still alive...SQUIRMING inside the serpent's gut. Chris can make out the shape of his knees, his elbows. He HACKS through fat until he manages to slash open...

...a BLOOD-FILLED **CAVITY**.

Amazingly, like Jonah in the belly of the whale, AIKEN is...tragically...still conscious. His chest has been crushed to half its normal size...acids from the monster's intestines have eaten away the flesh on his hands, his face...but, Jesus...he's still *conscious!* And able to *speak!*

"K-kill me," his voice comes weakly. *"S-Sullivan...always used to say...I'd be better off dead. That...that ain't never been truer than...right now. I...I'd be better off dead. Kill me!"*

This tragic moment affords the snake an opportunity. Using all its strength, it muscles its head DOWN from the torn ceiling.

Rebecca hangs bravely onto the rope, but she is lifted, bodily, until she nearly slams into ceiling herself. The rope SNAPS apart on the sharp steel. Rebecca falls. The snake...is free.

The trailing edge of the lasso around the thing's neck catches, for two seconds, on some twisted debris. Those fragile two seconds give Chris just enough time to reach into the open belly of the monster...and pull the PINS on two GRENADES that dangle from Aiken's vest.

SSSSSNNNAPPP! The serpent's jaws STRIKE...missing Chris by inches. He dives forward, like a wide-receiver catching a difficult pass. What he catches...is Rebecca's arm.

His momentum carries her down onto the floor...

...behind a STONE WALL that holds tons of earth, in which specimens are planted.

KA-BA-BOOOMMMMM! The grenades EXPLODE...cutting the snake in two...and eliminating all of Aiken's sentimental thoughts about Sullivan.

CUT TO:

* * *

RACCOON CITY...where HOLDEN sits at a cluttered desk in the Sheriff's office. *"Shit,"* says the Pentagon Fat-Cat. *"Should have eaten something. I'm famished."*

Frost is on the other side of the desk, pacing nervously with his rifle in hand. *"I'd call up the Pizza Hut, but it's closed. And you're the one who fuckin' CLOSED IT!"*

"Don't gimme any shit, Frost! You're just a goddam trigger man! You're lucky to have a respectable job!"

"Respectable..." Frost utters sarcastically just as...

...Holden's radio-phone vibrates. The fat-cat punches a button and barks into the mouthpiece. *"This better be you, Wesker!"*

We hear a tinny VOICE on the other end of the line. *"It's me, boss."*

* * *

IN ANOTHER DARK CORRIDOR beneath the old Arklay mansion, WESKER has slipped into a secluded niche in one of the walls. He speaks softly into his radio, *"I'm surprised you had the balls to come out here."*

Now Holden's voice sounds tinny. *"You're the man who's standing on Ground Zero. I know you, Wesker. There's no way you're going to set-off a nuke as long as your own, highly-prized ass is on the line."*

"That, er...that's right, Holden. You...you've got me figured, alright." Wesker's eyes flash to a wall panel...one of many...which is clicking down rapidly.

00:48:19...18...17...16...15...

"I, er...I'd be the last one...to blow up my own ass...unless it seemed...absolutely necessary." Wesker smiles, grimly. *"'Course...the first rule of combat is...that you never know, do you... what kind of turn a situation might take?"*

"What the hell does that mean?"

"Nothing, sir. Nothing at all. I'm only...quoting...the first rule of combat, that's all."

00:47:56...55...54...53...52...

CUT BACK TO:

* * *

THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE...where Holden seems suddenly alarmed. *"Y-you...didn't do it, did you? You didn't...arm that nuke?"*

"No way!" Wesker's voice comes back. *"Whatd'ya, think I'm suicidal?"* Holden relaxes visibly. Until Wesker says, *"Still...there is a nuke down here, isn't there?"*

"You know damn well there is!"

"And a nuke, when you come right down to it...ain't nothin' but a bunch of man-made machinery. Damn thing might just decide to...blow off on it's own."

THE CAMERA moves in, TIGHT, on Holden's face. He's sweating. *"Don't fuck with me, Wesker!"*

The voice on the radio-phone is calm. It even sounds...pleasant. *"I have no such intention, sir. I'm just expressing my...surprise...that, given the...explosive situation...you decided to come on out, here...into the field."*

"DON'T FUCK WITH ME!"

"Has, er...has the town been evacuated, sir?"

"Yes."

"Good. That's good. 'Cuzz if there is a nuke...and if it does happen to set itself off on its own...that town'd be turned into...pan-fried bacon...wouldn't it?"

"Y-you DID do it! You...armed the NUKE! You fucking...LUNATIC!"

CUT BACK TO:

* * *

...THE CORRIDOR beneath the mansion.

WESKER is grinning. He's enjoying this. He's taken by surprise when BARRY appears, around the corner of the alcove, and stares at him with accusing eyes.

Thinking fast, selecting words, Wesker speaks into the radio-phone. *"So, er...all the citizens are...safe?"*

"Yes!" Holden's voice can only be heard by Wesker, who replies...

"There's...nobody with you there. Not even...Frost."

"Frost is with me, of course."

"Tell him to...open his umbrella."

"What?"

"Just...do that for me, sir. Tell Frost to open his umbrella."

CUT TO:

* * *

IN THE SHERIFF'S OFFICE, Holden's radio-phone emits a CLICK...and goes dead. Holden looks up at Frost, mystified. *"I don't get it,"* he says. *"He asked for you. He said I should tell you...to open your umbrella."*

Frost's expression cracks with long-suppressed satisfaction. He lifts his AK-47...and pumps A DOZEN ROUNDS squarely into Holden's chest. The fat-cat's chair is on wheels. The force of the bullets push it...with its dead freight...across the floor, through an open doorway, and into a back room. There are jail cells back there. Holden glides into one of them that happens to be empty. When his chair THUMMMPS against the rear wall, he topples out of it...ending up in a kneeling position...with his head draped over a ratty toilet seat.

In the office, Frost picks up the phone. *"Holden...,"* he says, *"...is puke."*

CUT TO:

WESKER...who smiles delightedly as he says, *"Good. Now you just...stand by. Hold down the fort. Stay right there, in Raccoon City, until you...hear from me."*

Wesker clicks off. Barry stares at him with contempt. *"Whoever that was...you might have just killed him."*

"The only way he dies, is if we all die," says Wesker. *"I'm ready to do a lot of nasty things... but I'm not ready to do that."* Wesker plops a comradely hand on Barry's shoulder. *"Stick with me, old buddy. Everything's gonna turn out fine. Just...fine."*

Wesker leads Barry out of the corridor. As they turns a corner, they pick up the rest of the troop, which at this point consists only of JILL, BRAD VICKERS, and ONE OTHER MAN. Jesus. We must have lost count. There are very few left alive.

"I'm going back," says Jill insistently.

"No, you're not," Wesker relies coldly.

"I've got to try to find Chris."

"You're on a mission, Valentine! And you're going to complete it!" Wesker's hand strikes like a viper, snatching Jill's rifle out of her hands. *"I'll give this back to you if...and when... I think you might need to use it."*

"If...and when...you give it back..." Jill snarls, *"...I'll use it on you!"*

Wesker grins again. *"I could execute you, Valentine...for saying' shit like that. Lucky for you...there's only a few of us left. Or I'd do it...without a second thought!"* He spits out a command, *"Follow me Vickers! And drag this piece of shit along behind you."*

Wesker pitches Jill into Vickers' arms. The man takes hold of her...but weakly. Jill notices the perspiration on his face. *"Are...you alright?"* she asks.

"Yeah," he says shakily, *"I...I'm perfect."*

This goes unheard by Wesker, who marches on with Barry at his back. Vickers brings up the rear, clinging to Jill. She's holding him, more than he's holding her, when he asks, *"H-how long...do you think...before we...get there?"*

"Get where?"

"T-to the...the antidote."

"Shit," says Jill, *"You've been infected, haven't you?"*

"Y-yes...," Vickers confesses, *"...one of those...things...bit me."*

"Hang in, trooper. You just...hang in. We're almost there." They pass another alcove where an electronic panel is ticking...**00:39:28**...**27**...**26**...**25**...**24**... *"Sweet Jesus,"* says Jill. *"We damn well better be...almost there."*

As they recede, into the shadows, THE CAMERA CRANES UP...and we become aware of DARK SHAPES...slinking along the pipes in the rafters above.

They look like HANDS...but they clearly are not. Their FINGERS are too long, their skin too pebbled, and their nails...are the sharply-pointed TALONS...of unknown beasts!

* * *

Meanwhile...Chris and Rebecca are moving down a dark corridor of their own. Rebecca is sobbing when Chris hears...A SCRAPING SOUND...somewhere within the walls.

"Shhhhh," he signals. Rebecca continues to sob. Chris GRABS her shoulders and shakes her. Their eyes latch.

"How old are you?" Chris asks.

"Not...not very old at all," says Rebecca, *"Not...nearly old enough to...to die."*

"None of us is old enough," says Chris, with eyes that suddenly go stern. *"Listen up, soldier,"* he snaps. *"I've got nobody. Nobody in this whole fuckin' world...except a drunken old dad. And a girlfriend...at least, I think she's my girlfriend. And you. That makes you... one of the most important people in my life. Which means that...if you die...I cry. You don't want to see a grown man cry, do ya?"*

Wiping tears away, Rebecca manages a half-smile... *"N-no, sir."*

"Good," says Chris. *"Then leave me the hell alone, okay?"* This bit of insensitivity is purposeful. When Chris turns to walk off, Rebecca feels like an admonished child...but she's able to pull up her boot-straps and follow along behind.

That scraping sound, in the walls, gets louder...and louder...until...

* * *

...with hideous, ear-shattering SQUEALS...

...THINGS that look like DEMONS descend on WESKER'S small patrol.

The things...are **HUNTERS**! Man-like, but distorted, genetically warped. They bound off the floor, the walls, the ceiling, like apes on amphetamines. The troopers barely have time to aim their weapons. Like Plant 42...these things are not the result of an *"accident"*. They've been *"designed."*

As the battle rages, Jill shouts. *"Given the distinct possibility that none of us is gonna get out of this death trap, I think you owe us an explanation, Wesker! God never made critters as ugly as these. So...WHO THE HELL DID?"*

"Umbrella," Wesker replies.

All this at a breathless pace, while bullets...and monsters...fly.

One of the *"Hunters"* leaps, like a Tasmanian Devil, onto the unknown soldier's back. Its claws RIP OUT wads of flesh, with lightning speed, from the man's arms, hips, back. With a CLANGING, METALLIC SOUND, like that of a steel door slamming shut, the *"Hunter's"* jaws BITE OFF the entire back half of the soldier's head.

This is a real stopper. All human mouths...including ours...drop open in amazement...and revulsion. And it's not over. There are still five...six...seven *Hunters* leaping around in the corridor, looking for another opening, a chance to get sink teeth into some fresh blood.

Bullets hold the things back, but with only three guns firing now...running low on ammo... the situation is beginning to look hopeless.

The *Hunter* that bit off the soldier's head, is now hunched over the dead man...FEEDING. Rather than firing randomly, a grim-faced Jill trains her semi on that particular creature.

RAT-A-TATTA-TATTA-TATTA-BRRRRRRT-RAT-A-TATTA-BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRT!

The monster's HIDE is turned ragged by twenty, thirty, forty hot rounds. At first, when the bullets hit, they do so with the dull, thumping sounds of lead punching into flesh...but as that flesh is shot away, what we begin hear is the CLANG! CLANG! CLANG! of metal striking metal...and we begin to see...the exposed, iron superstructure of **BIONIC JAWS** over which organic matter has been cultivated.

The *Hunters* are not robotic. They're living creatures. They BLEED! But they have been *"equipped'* with steel *"reinforcements"*.

"Fuck ME!" says Vickers. *"How are gonna knock these things out?"*

Clearly...they're not. The troopers are outnumbered. And unable to leap and bound off the walls. All they can do is shoot. And their guns seem to be having little effect. They back away, down the hall, with the *Hunters* hot on their heels.

They arrive at A STAINLESS DOOR with the heft and scale of a door on a bank safe. There's a *"keyhole"*...a slot in the steel jamb...that's painted red.

Wesker glances down at the *"key"* that dangles on his neck chain. The *green* *"key"* that, supposedly, has complete access...but only three times. Once again deciding to *"save up"* for a rainy day, he looks at Brad Vickers...whose neck dangles a *"red"* key.

"Get over here, Vickers. Fast! And unlock this door!"

Vickers is incapable of moving fast. He's in a bad way. Sweating. His complexion has turned nearly as red as his *"key"*. He stumbles forward, but it's obvious that he's not going to make it in time...before the *Hunters* get to him...and quite possibly, to the others, as well.

Wesker has no choice. He whips his own *"key"* from around his neck, and inserts it in the electronic *"keyhole."*

THUMP! TCHUNK! *HUMMMMMMM!*

The sound of SERVO-MOTORS in the wall. The door glides open. We GASP when...

...A WOMAN appears in the opening. It's **ADA WONG**, an Asian beauty who, like Marcus, by accident of birth, happens to be a scientific genius. Behind her, are two men...**ENRICO MANCINI**, a S.T.A.R.S trooper. And a civilian named **BEN**, a reporter who is unarmed... except with his wit.

"We're out!" says Ben. *"I thought we were dead meat, but we're out!"* He jots, hurriedly, on a notepad. *"This moment is going to go down in journalistic history. I'm gonna get a fuckin' Pulitser! And I'm gonna live to see it! WE'RE OUT!"*

Ben's exuberance turns sour when he sees...

...the *Hunters,* advancing. Ada, with pure hatred in here eyes, SLAMS a closed fist against a large, red, EMERGENCY BUTTON in the wall.

SSSSSLUNNNGGG...GIGANTIC **BLADES** shoot across the corridor...retract...and shoot out again...and again...like the blades of an electric knife, only a hundred times larger.

The *Hunters,* leaping and SQUEALING, are sliced down to their prosthetic steel skeletons.

All except for one of them, which...unseen by the humans...avoids the lethal scimitars.

"Come in," says Ada.

The troopers don't have to be asked twice. But Ada, who has spotted the escaped *Hunter,* asks anyway. *"COME IN!"* she SCREAMS, hitting another button which causes the door to begin sliding back into the wall.

The *Hunter* is fast. As fast as the spring on a mousetrap. It LEAPS at the open doorway.

Jill FIRES...RAT-A-TATT-A...SHIT! She's out of ammunition!

The *Hunter* has been blown back, but it's still very much a threat. Sprawled across the doorway, with the claws on its hands and feet locked onto the jamb. it looks...forgive me... almost Christ-like...though not as handsome.

Vickers, the coward, rises to the occasion. His ammo clip is full. He hasn't had the guts to pull his trigger. But now...he's desperate.

BRRR

With deadly missiles spouting from his M-16, Vickers strides forward, firing blindly. The *Hunter* reaches out. Its claws narrowly miss Vickers' neck...but they catch the chain that's dangling there. The barrage of bullets causes the monster to lose its grip on the jamb. It winds up being BLASTED into the corridor, taking Vickers' red *"key"* with it, as...

...the electronic door TCHUNGS closed.

* * *

"Thank God you've come," says Ada. *"We've been...trapped for hours."*

Wesker and the others realize that they are standing in...

...YET ANOTHER DARK CORRIDOR...with no way out...except for the door that was just sealed...and ONE OTHER, at the far end, which also has a red *"key"* slot.
"Sorry, boss," says Vickers, in a state of near collapse. *"My 'key'...got...got swiped."*

Wesker glances down at his green *"key"*. So does Ada. *"You've got...full clearance!"* she realizes as she speaks. *"You...can get us out of here!"*

"That's right. I can," says Wesker, *"But I'm not going to. Not until...I've gotten what I came for."*

Ada has another realization. Wesker...is a rat-bastard. *"You...you're not S.T.A.R.S., are you?"* She says. *"You're...Umbrella!"*

"No, ma'am," Wesker replies, *"Fact is...I'm both. Shit, I'm whatever I'm expected to be... by whichever...rat-bastard...is stupid enough...to write me a PAY CHECK!"*

Ada looks at him with disgust. *"The man I loved, John Marcus, developed the organism that caused all this! He did it for humanitarian purposes. But he was isolated down here. He... and I...were locked away...while people like you...stole...our research...to use it for IN-HUMAN PURPOSES!"*

"What do you expect? An APOLOGY?"

"No," says Ada, her eyes burning, *"It's too late for that. But let me ask you...what do you expect? Do you think...based on what you've seen in this...HELL hole...that it can ever be turned into...anything of benefit?"*

"Yes, ma'am," Wesker smiles, *"Based on what I've seen in this Hell hole...I think it can be turned into...very big bucks."*

'Ada," says Ben, *"Take the money and run, okay. All I'm asking is ten percent."*

Wesker looks deeply into the beautiful woman's eyes. *"As an obviously enlightened female,"* he says, *"I'm sure you can...appreciate...the wisdom in my words."*

"I've devoted my life," says Ada, without blinking, *"to the appreciation...of wisdom."*

"Way to go, doll," Wesker smiles again, missing the irony in Ada's remark. *"What are we waiting for? Let's get the hell out of here."*

'More wisdom," says Ben hopefully.

"Indeed." It's Ada's turn to smile as she meets Wesker's eyes with the coldness of her own. *"I'm sure you heard me say, Mr....Commander...that we've been trapped here for hours. There are only two doors. That one..."* (pointing) *"...which we barely succeeded in closing. And <u>that</u> one..."* (pointing in the opposite direction, to the second door, fifty yards away.) *"None of us have red 'keys'. Which is why...we've been LOCKED <u>IN</u>!"*

Vickers, dead on his feet, slumps against the wall, laughing ironically. *"L-like I said, Cap'n, mine was...hah...mine was swiped. You...you're gonna hafta...hah...use your own again. That'll be twice, sir. And...hah...like they say in the great American game of baseball... <u>HAH</u>...three...three <u>strikes</u>...and you're <u>OUT</u>!"*

The infection he carries has driven Vickers out of his mind, yet, insane as he is, he seems to be making more sense than Wesker...who unbuttons a leather holster on his belt, pulls out a Magnum, and aims it at Vickers' head.

Jill steps into the line of fire, preventing Wesker from shooting. *"This man...*(Vickers)*... has a <u>reason</u> for being a lunatic!"* she spits. *"Do <u>you</u>, Wesker?"*

"I do," the rat-bastard replies. *"And I already told you what it is. Big Bucks."*

The confrontation is cut short by...

...those SCRATCHING SOUNDS, which we've heard before, in the walls.

"Damn," says Ben, *"Not only do the walls have ears. It sounds like...they have <u>CLAWS</u>!"*

One too man jokes. *(Sorry, Ben.)* Wesker aims his Magnum and...BLAM!...drills out the man's brain.

"I'll do the same," he says, *"to any <u>one</u> of you who <u>crosses</u> me! So, nobody <u>CROSSES</u> ME! IS THAT <u>UNDERSTOOD</u>?"*

Apparently it is. Nobody pipes up. Not even BARRY, who, inside his gut, is fuming with anger and disappointment.

The SCRATCHING SOUNDS get louder...and louder.

A thin CRACK begins to appear in the wall.

Wesker runs down the hall. He uses his almighty *"key"* to unlock the far door.

The CRACK widens! Dead FINGERS, covered with ROTTING FLESH, begin to push their way through.

As the FIRST ZOMBIE stumbles into the corridor, Wesker flings the door open. *"Inside,"* he barks. *"Everybody! INSIDE!"*

A SECOND ZOMBIE...A THIRD...A FOURTH...clambers through the ever-growing gap in the wall.

Terrified, Ada is the first to rush through the open doorway. Next is Enrico Mancini. Barry is last. Hesitating, he turns back toward Jill. *"Come on, woman! You hang around in there, you're gonna go through...a very unpleasant experience."*

"My whole life...," says Jill, slumping, disheartened, *"...has been an unpleasant experience."*

KERRR-AAATTTCCCHHH! The wall bursts open, floor to ceiling.

ZOMBIES *POUR* IN.

Barry heroically lunges back into the corridor, reaching for Jill, in an attempt to save her.

"Get out of here!" Jill shouts, aiming her semi at Barry.

He hesitates...before he remembers that Jill is out of ammo.

He starts toward her again, but, diving, Jill snatches up Vickers' rifle. *"I don't want to live in a world like this!"* she shouts. *"Get OUT OF HERE!"*

RAT-A-TATT-A-TATT...Jill sprays bullets...purposely missing...around Barry's body.

"Jesus Christ, buddy..." Wesker jumps in from behind, *"...let the bitch die, if that's what she wants!"*

Wesker grabs the back of Barry's uniform, and snatches him through the open doorway. The door glides, and...THOOOOOMB...slams shut. Jill...and the near-dead Vickers...are left alone in the corridor...

...along with ten...twenty...thirty ZOMBIES...which are climbing over one another to reach their living flesh which, to them...represents *food!* Within seconds, the corridor is literally *jammed* with corrupted bodies. It's like a syringe...loaded with the crawling dead.

Jill...feeling hollow, numb...simply stares at the things, which send up an unearthly chorus of grotesque MOANS.

Like a person awakened from a nightmare...only to find herself in a nightmare...Jill digs down inside herself, and summons the instinctive will to survive. She lifts her weapon... the one she took from Vickers...and begins to BLAST AWAY!

BLOOD FLIES! SKULLS ARE SHATTERED! ZOMBIES...those in the leading ranks... are BLOWN into eternity. But the rest of the *"syringe's"* load pushes them forward, even after they've been destroyed. Human corpses are being pressed toward Jill in a wall-to-wall, floor-to-ceiling mass.

Jill keeps blasting, but it seems futile, until...

...KRRANNNNNG! A vent opens in the ceiling...and CHRIS REDFIELD drops out... followed, a second later, by REBECCA CHAMBERS.

Quickly sizing up the situation, Chris looks at Jill and asks, *"Should we wait for orders? Or just...wing it?"*

"Wing it," Jill replies...and in the next moment, there are *three* troopers blasting away...

...BRRR

THE PERVASIVE HUMMMM of air filtration devices...in **A LABORATORY**...

...on **LEVEL 'D'**.

WESKER, BARRY, ADA WONG, and ENRICO MANCINI pull up in front of a set of hermetically sealed, plexiglass doors.
"If I open these doors," says Ada, *"We might...regret it."*

Wesker's eyes flash to a digital clock on the wall, which reads...

...**00:19:40**...**39**...**38**...**37**...**36**...

"If you don't open them" Wesker grins again, *"we will regret it."*

Ada looks over her shoulder. Sees the ticking clock. *"You...you activated...the bomb."*

"How big, is it, sweetheart. The bomb? Is it gonna give me...a hard-on?"

Barry erupts. *"Have you gone totally crazy? You're fuckin' with our lives, here, man!"*

Wesker grabs Barry's shirt, and pulls him in close. *"After all these years we've known each other...you picked a bad, bad moment to start acting like as asshole! Crazy? Not hardly... except maybe like a fox. I am in complete control of myself. Shit...I'm in complete control of all of you people! Now...I don't have the time, friend, to tell you this twice, so hear me good. I know exactl what I'm doing...and I am doing it...for US!"*

"Us?" Barry is puzzled.

"That's right." Wesker leans in even closer and whispers. *"You and me. Have faith, my man. This gonna pay off. Big time."*

Wesker turns back to Ada. *"How big is the nuke? What's the sure-kill radius?"*

"Five miles," Ada responds.

"And sure-escape...by an aircraft?"

"Eight to ten."

"Let's say fifteen." Wesker calculates. *"Fifteen miles...in a Huey. Four minutes. Four more to climb up out of this dungeon...depending on what we run into. We better give ourselves a twelve minute margin."*

Another glance at the ticking clock.

00:17:14...**13**...**12**...

"That gives us five minutes to do what we have to do. I thought we were pressed. Shit... we have time to spare." He looks at Ada again. *"Open those doors, woman!"*

"You understand," she replies, *"I can get you in...but I can't get you out."*
"Don't worry. I'll get us out," says Wesker.

Ada pushes aside a plaque on the wall, presses a hidden button...and so begins a climactic race against time.

* * *

POOOOSSSSHHHH...the plexiglass doors slide open. We haven't been able to see anything beyond their transparent surface. Now...we understand why. They were FOGGED!

As they open, a cloud of frozen mist bursts out from behind them, instantly depositing a coat of white frost on Wesker's face. He doesn't feel the coldness. He doesn't feel anything... except the thrill of victory...as the deep-freeze in the air...melts, before his eyes...and he catches his first glimpse of...

...**THE TYRANT!**

It's is nine-feet tall. Like the *Hunters*, it has human qualities. It's musculature, that of a *Marvel* Super Hero, makes women in the audience...if there are any...swoon. But us guys... hey, we recognize, on sight...that this thing is a threat to any man alive.

Transparent tubing is twined all over its body, coursing with an odd-colored LIQUID that is being circulated by a RHINOCEROS' HEART...mounted, externally, in a bullet-proof receptacle on the monster's chest. (Only a mighty pump could circulate this B.O.W.s life- giving fluids...whatever they are.) Its right arm is properly scaled to its size, but its left is much too long. Its length extends well below the monster's knees due, primarily, to the implantation of **A BIONIC CLAW**, the size of a motorcycle.

The Tyrant isn't loose. It's standing in an upright, cylindrical TANK, mounted six feet off the floor on a sleek, black pedestal from which hundreds of cables and catheters depend. The cylinder seems to be filled with some sort of blue-tinted water. (It's *not* water. It's ice.)
We get the distinct impression of a pagan altar piece, though the demon-god to which it has been erected isn't some invisible being born of hope. It's a real, living, breathing ENTITY... born of greed...and the human impulse to *"win"*.

Win what? Whatever can be *"won!"* Wealth. Power. An *Arm*-wrestling match. Whatever!
Some people...just need to *"WIN!"*

* * *

A final bit of exposition reveals that...Umbrella...is a multi-national corporation which

deals, among other things, in pharmaceuticals and bio-genetic *"supplements"*. Powerful and supremely wealthy, Umbrella is known to have a great deal of *"influence"* inside Washington's beltway. There are rumors of high-level *"links"*, but for all intents and purposes, the relationship is...strictly arm's length. (That's a laugh.)

Umbrella is doing what the government dares not do. It's developing BOWS...Bio Organic Weapons...MONSTERS...specifically engineered for military purposes.

John Marcus was a pawn. His lab, on Level Yellow, was isolated from the labs on Levels Blue, Red and Green. Unbeknownst to Marcus, who believed he was *"contributing"* to the communal good of mankind, his manufactured *"T-Virus"* was being used, mere yards away, on the other side of sealed walls, to create...

...fighting sharks...fighting plants...*Hunters*...and THE TYRANT...the ultimate warrior.

* * *

Rather than being stricken with fear, WESKER is absolutely in awe. He approaches the tank and looks up at the monster as if it actually was...some sort of god.

Awe quickly turns to glee. Wesker begins to jump around, giggling like a child. *"It's more than I could have hoped for! It's gold! Shit, man, it's fuckin' DIAMONDS!"*

At last, Barry realizes...that his old friend has, indeed, gone mad.

"We got it, buddy!" Wesker shouts. *"It is OURS! This...this thing is worth a FORTUNE!"*

"How you gonna get it outa here? You gonna make us hual that tank up to the Hueys?"

No. I'm gonna... 'get it out of here'...in my pocket. We don't need the tank. We don't need the thing that's in it. We just need the info! The formula! Then we can...crank these things out on an assembly line!"

Barry stares, open-mouthed, as Wesker scrambles around, hitting computer keys, finally pulling a data-disk out of the mainframe. *"YES!"* he shouts...as he continues to scramble.

"Al...," Barry pleads, *"...I...I don't believe you're doin' this, man. Tellin' me it's all for us? You and me? I don't want it, buddy. I don't want...any of it!"*

"Yes you do. You just don't know it yet. You've never been able to...look ahead. To see... opportunities. To take...opportunities. Don't worry, nigger. I'm lookin' out for ya. I'm gonna make you RICH!" All this as Wesker uses a code to open a refrigerated chamber.

He pulls out a sealed cannister, hand-marked with the letter *'T'*. *"The critical ingredient,"* he says, *"The virus. Without this...we wouldn't be able to do shit."*

"What about the antidote?" asks Barry.

"Antidote?" Wesker laughs, *"Hah! Who needs an antidote? There is no antidote!"*

Furious, Barry aims his weapon at his old bud. *"You told me to hear good. Well, my ears are hearin' just fine! It's you that's not hearin' ME! I said...I don't want...ANY OF THIS!"*

Ada interrupts. *"Two minutes,"* she says calmly. When Wesker looks at her, she adds, *"This laboratory...seals itself... automatically...after two minutes."*

The plexiglass doors begin to slide shut.

"I said I'd get us out of here," spits Wesker. *"I will. And here's how."*

Wesker whirls...

...and pumps a bullet through Enrico Mancini's head. The man drops dead. Wesker rushes over and, kicking the man's corpse with his feet, jams it into the doorway, preventing the doors from closing.

"You...SCUM!" shouts Barry.

"You think that was bad," says Wesker, *"get a load of this."* Wesker swings his gun around and...RAT-A-TAT-TATT...punches six into Ada's belly. She drops like a chopped tree.

The two boys from the Bronx are the only ones left standing.

"It's just us, man," says Wesker. *"We're all alone. There's no need, any more, for... posturing. No need to...try to make yourself look like a hero"*

Unseen by either man, Ada...still alive, though barely...manages to reach up and push a button on one of the consoles...a button that's labeled... *"DEFROST."*

Electric elements in the black *"altar"* rapidly glow red. The ice in the Tyrant's tank... begins to MELT!

"It's time for the truth, old buddy," says Wesker. *"The whole truth, and nothing but. So... tell me...wouldn't you like to make yourself a shitload of money?"*

"I would. As long as I could do it with...clean hands."

"Do I take that...as a 'no'?"

"Loudest 'no' you ever heard."

"Is that your last word on this, soldier?"

"Last word I'll ever speak to you, you...rat-pile-heap-o'-dog-shit!"

Wesker tucks the frosted cannister...and the data-disk...into a belt-pack.

"You're gonna give that shit to Unbrella, aren't you?" asks Barry.

"No. I'm gonna sell it to them." Wesker smiles again...broadly, insanely. *"It's gonna make me sad, Barry, it purely is, to wake up tomorrow...having lost you as a friend...my friend."*

Wesker's fingers flash away from his belt-back...pulling a pistol from its holster, and aiming it at Barry.

"WESKER!" A VOICE calls from the doorway, which is still propped open by Mancini's dead body. It's CHRIS...backed up by JILL...and REBECCA.

Wesker takes a stab at trying to win them over. *"Jesus! I thought you guys were dead! I'm so glad..."*

'Save your breath, dickhead! We have a pretty clear picture of what's going on."

"In that case," says Wesker, still smiling, *"there isn't very much left to say, is there? Except... BITE ME!"*

Wesker BLASTS LEAD toward the doorway.

Chris ducks behind the jamb, shielding Jill and Rebecca. The two fire a rapid exchange of rounds, each of them ducking, avoiding injury.

First blood is drawn by Barry, who shoots at Wesker, CLIPPING him on the arm.

"You bastard!" Wesker screams. *"You nigger BASTARD!"*

Now, it's Barry and Wesker who are exchanging lead. All of a sudden, we find ourselves watching the *Gunfight at the O.K. Corral!*

But this ain't no Western-movie. It's entirely something else...which we realize, very quickly, when...

...THE TYRANT...*BREAKS* out of its tank!

As soon as the tank shatters, there comes...WHOOOOP! WHOOOOP! WHOOOOP!... the familiar SOUND of an ALARM blaring!

The lab...the entire facility...goes CODE GREEN!

It takes the Tyrant a moment to get its bearings.
In that time, BULLETS continue to fly.

Wesker is hit again. Cheers rise from the audience as he drops behind a desk. But his wound is not mortal. He crawls across the floor and spits off a series of rounds...

...which punch a tight, red circle in Barry's chest.

Thankfully, Barry has lost all awareness before the Tyrant, climbing down from its perch, SWIPES at his body...catches it with its claws...and lifts it, like a feather, up to its snout.

Recognizing that the man is dead, the monster FLINGS him aside like so much garbage.

We get a very clear illustration of the monster's strength when Barry's limp corpse flies, literally, through a steel-enforced wall.

Jill leans in over Chris' shoulder. *"I think,"* she says, *"it might be time to scram."*

WHAMMM! KERRAAAASSSHH! KERR-UNNNNNCCCHHH!

The Tyrant begins to tear the laboratory into SHREDS in pursuit of Wesker.

Ducking behind desks, computer consoles, cubicled partitions, Wesker is whimpering like a little boy. He takes every opportunity to FIRE at the thing which is trying to reach him, but, while his bullets create GASHES in the monster's flesh, they otherwise have no effect.

Wesker does, however, manag to get close to the doorway. Crawling like an insect, he looks up to see...

...Chris...staring down at him. *"You dug your own grave, Wesker,"* says the young man, contemptuously, *"now lie in it!"*

Chris kicks Mancini's body hard. It tumbles away from the jamb...and the door CLOSE!

Scratching on the plexiglass, Wesker sees Chris, Jill, and Rebecca running away. *"You won't make it!"* he shouts. *"You'll never get out of here! Not without me! I'm the only one who has a 'key'! I've got a...a...GREEN 'KEY'!"*

Wesker jams that *"key"*, repeatedly, into a slot in the door jamb. Nothing happens. The doors remain shut. They will *forever* remain shut...in his thoughts, in his dreams...assuming there are dreams...in the afterlife.

The Tyrant strikes from behind. The *"fingers"* of its bionic hand are closed, so that they meet at the tips. Its virulent, knife-like talons are grouped together, forming something like a drill-bit...which is DRIVEN into Wesker's back, impaling him. As he is lifted into the air, the Tyrant's fingers splay OPEN...TEARING HIM INTO BLOODY SHREDS!
00:08:36...35...34...32...

Fast, fast, fast...

...our heros fight their way up through Levels Red...Blue...Yellow...

...and into the Arklay mansion...

...*Hunters*...and zombies... threaten them at every corner, each time taking a week-or-so off the natural life-spans of our aortas.

It seems as though they're going to make it. But, no. They find themselves sealed in. Chris remembers something from his childhood. He leads the others up a cobwebbed stairwell. They come upon A BUST OF SHAKESPEARE. (*Giggle. Whatever this is, baby...it ain't Shakespeare. It's more like...Rock-and-Roll!*)

Chris spins the bust on its mounts, and...

...just as we're thinking that we can't possibly take much more of this, A WALL **OPENS**... and our heros BURST out...

...onto **A HELIPORT.**

Using a radio, Chris calls in the Hueys. One of the big birds soars out of the sky almost immediately. Apparently the pilot followed his... *"orders'*...and kept the engine running.

"See," says Jill, *"orders...aren't always bad."*

A sense of relief. Salvation. As the big chopper lowers itself onto the landing pad. But before it can touch down...

...KERRRRRR-*UNNNNNNNNCCCCCCHHHH!*

ANOTHER WALL IS TORN OPEN...

...AND THE *TYRANT* ***BURSTS*** OUT...like pus from a broken pimple!

00:07:14...13...12...

Fast, fast, fast.

A mighty battle. A *losing* battle. With Chris and Rebecca suffering bloody wounds.

It's Jill who, grabbing Chris' dropped radio, saves the day. She calls up to the helicopter pilot, who drops something out of his cockpit.

It's **A ROCKET-LAUNCHER!**

Jill catches the thing as it falls.

The Tyrant SWIPES at her with its mighty claw.

She rolls on the ground, barely avoiding certain death...sits up with an expression on her face that not even Stallone has been able to achieve. *"Guess what, Godzilla,"* she says, *"Us little old human-beings...have whipped your ASS!"*

PHLOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMM! A rocket takes the Tyrant, literally, apart. The bottle that contains its rhinoceros heart SHATTERS on a stone pathway.

The helicopter descends. Our heros climb aboard.

"Shit," says Chris. *"Raccoon City!"*

"Evacuated," says the pilot.

"Completely?" Chris asks, *"Are you sure? Let's do a flyover."*

* * *

00:05:48...47...46...

RACCOON CITY is a ghost town. Empty. Nothing moving...

...except for **TEN PEOPLE** who are shambling down Main Street.

The Huey swoops in low. Leaning out of an open door, CHRIS recognizes the man who is leading the pack. It's HIS FATHER! JEB!

The other nine, behind the old man, reaching out, trying to catch him...are **ZOMBIES!**

The chpper swings in closer. Hovers. Chris reaches out. Barely managing to grab his father's outstretched hand, using all his strength, he pulls the staggering drunkard up into the Huey.

"That was a nightmare," says Jeb. *"A pure nightmare. Any of you people have a drop of whiskey?"*

"Boy Scout's motto," Jill replies, as she pulls a flask from her equipment belt and hands it to the old man. He uncaps it and takes a deep slug.

Jill turns to Chris and runs her hand along his thigh. *"Don't worry,"* she says, *"I'm not a boy. I'm just...prepared."*

"For what?"

"For...whatever comes."

Chris nearly comes when Jill moves her hand higher...and kisses him deeply.

* * *

FROST...(rémember him? Holden's traitorous goon?)...is munching from a bag of *M&Ms* when he hears...or rather feels...A THUMP! Looking through a window in the Sheriff's office, he sees...

...**A MUSHROOM CLOUD** rise into the air approximately three miles away.

Within seconds, the LIMO...the one with the American flags on its fenders...which is parked on the street outside...both MELTS and EXPLODES, simultaneously.

A nano-second after that...Frost loses his integrity...in a physical sense. He becomes a scattered cloud of sub-microscopic particles.

* * *

ON MAIN STREET...a **FIREBALL** engulfs the NINE ZOMBIES.

Three of them are vaporized.

Three others get their brains destroyed by flying debris.

Debris catches the final three, as well. Arms are torn off. Iron shafts from devastated plumbing...shards of glass...slats from picket fences...punch through necks, chests, bellies...

...but the dead things, with their skulls undamaged, walk on...

...through the radioactive fog...

...still on their feet...

...and drooling hungrily.